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VOL. LX. No. 1558.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, January 9, 1907.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these Mortals be!"

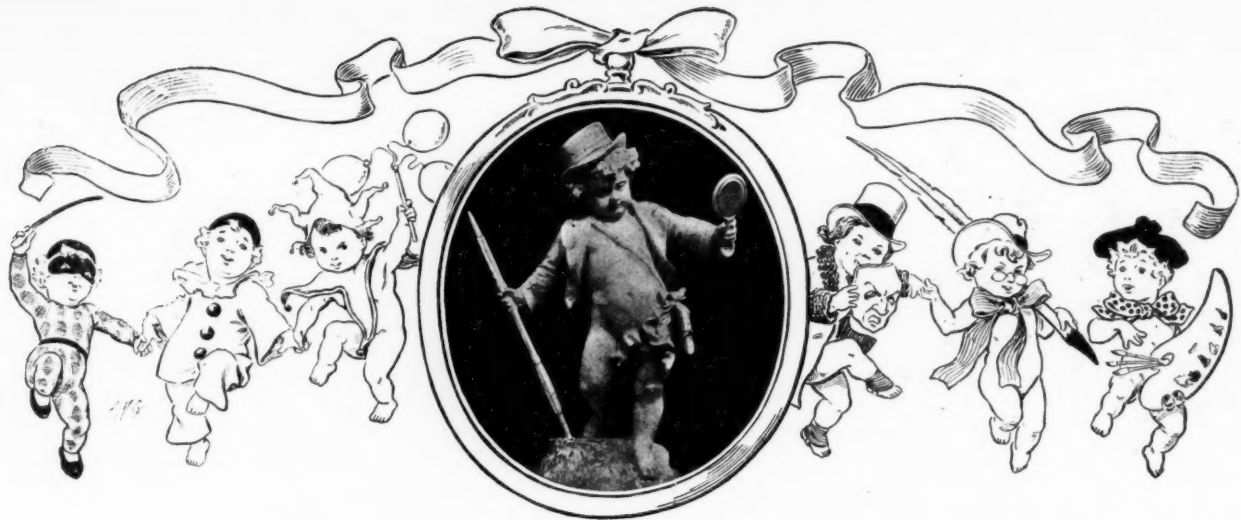
Puck

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"DO IT NOW."



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK
No. 1558. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1907
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Payable in advance

“What Fools These Mortals Be!”

THE DECEMBER Grand Jury introduced a pleasing novelty in the shape of the Apologetic Indictment.

TAFT is willing to run for President if he finds there is a demand for him. No fears are felt—in the case of Taft—that the demand will exceed the supply.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is frequently compared with District Attorney Jerome. There is one striking difference, however. Roosevelt *does* things on impulse, while Jerome *says* things on impulse.

WHILE THE American Association-for the Advancement of Science is discussing John D. Rockefeller, other persons of an unscientific turn are trying to convince us that he is a human being. The facts are against this theory, but we are willing to be convinced.

PART of a gigantic skeleton, at first supposed to be that of a whale, was recently unearthed in Brooklyn. The Society of Old Brooklynites was unable to illuminate the matter, but the rumor still persists that the bones were those of a charter member.

PHILADELPHIA is sorry that San Francisco is so corrupt. It always was a source of regret to the pot that the kettle should be so black.

A NUMBER of persons are wasting their time writing and talking against simplified spelling. Why not let it die peacefully?

THE PAY of the army, we are told by *Ridgway's*, has not been increased in thirty years. And yet the men have been drawing Union wages.

MRS. SAGE daily receives several hundred applications for charity. Were she so disposed, she could pen some interesting data on the subject of Prosperity.

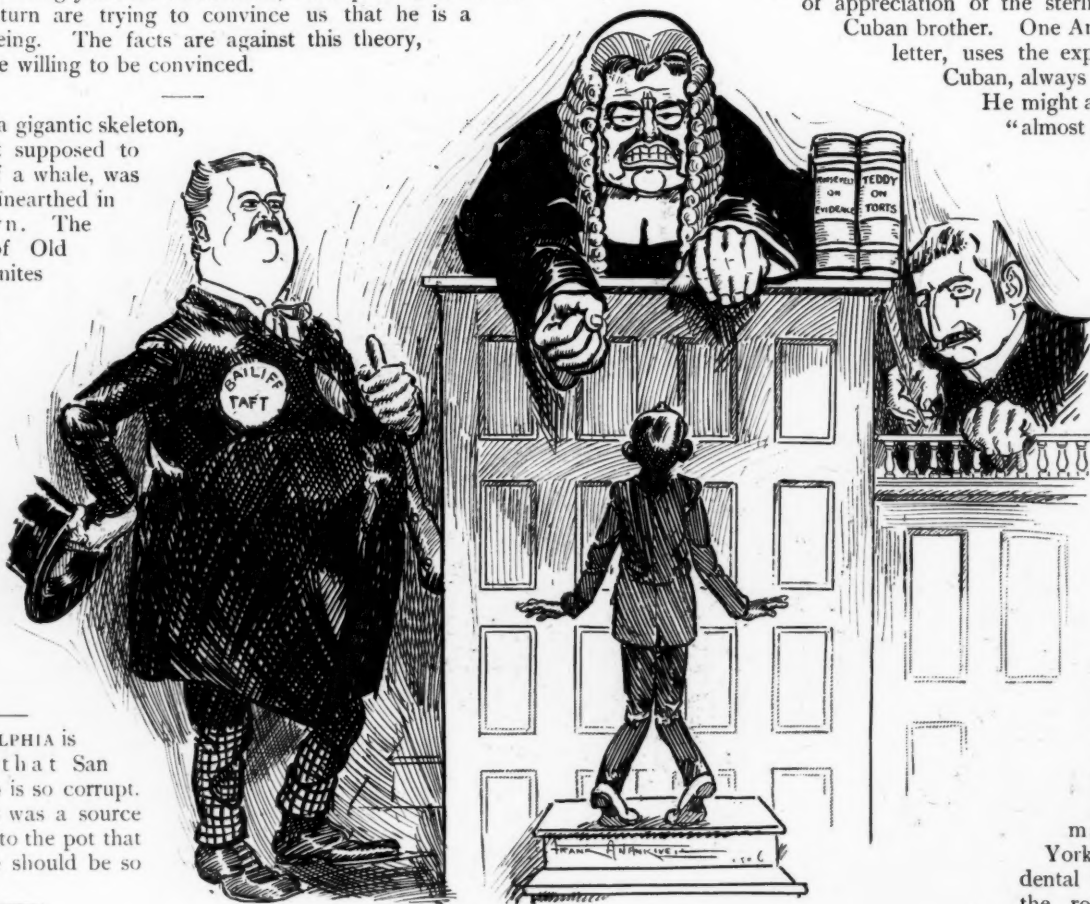
THE BREACH between the Japanese and the Frisco Labor Unions grows wider instead of narrower. There really is no chance of ever reconciling such hopelessly different temperaments. Japanese work.

AMERICANS residing in Cuba exhibit a singular lack of appreciation of the sterling qualities of the Cuban brother. One American, in a recent letter, uses the expression, “Once a Cuban, always a liar and a thief.” He might at least have written “almost always.”

NEXT to be built of the British battleships is the *Superb*. After her, at brief intervals, will come the *Positively Ripping* and the *Deuced Clevah*.

ANOTHER forest reserve, more than 500,000 acres in extent, has lately been created in the West. It is too early to state authoritatively the names of the head grafters.

THE COURT holds that the slot machines in New York's Subway are “incidental to the operation of the road.” Quite true. Anything that takes up room and is in the way, anything that tends to delay, is incidental to the operation of the road.



THE WHITE HOUSE WAY.

THE LORD HIGH JUSTICE.—Prisoner at the bar, I hereby sentence you to life imprisonment at hard labor. We will now try the case and ascertain whether you are guilty.

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Gen.

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THE PAJAMA SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.
FOUNDED BY MARK TWAIN, OF EAST OSTERMOOR AND FRANKLIN SQUARE.



DEAR MARK: Your idea of doing literary work in bed has made a great hit with me. I can do "Poems of Passion" now that are all to the feathers. Yours passionately,
ELLEN WHALER WHEELWRIGHT.



DEAR MARK: I tried your method of writing in bed and immediately fell asleep. My publishers say that I have done nothing so good since "Irving Holden." Yours appreciatively,
EBEN BACHELLER.



DEAR MARK: I used to lose a lot of time in dressing, but since adopting your mattress method I have been destroying a ream of paper a day. Yours for speed,
CAROLINE BELLS.

AN ALMANAC FOR CITY FOLKS.

THE seasons come, the seasons go;
But how the deuce are we to know?
We see no "autumn-blazoned" trees,
(Because we have no trees, alas!)
No "taste of Spring" adorns our breeze;
And we've eliminated grass.
Yet why despair, for, true and clear,
The fruit stands tell the time of year.

Oh, dainty Sue, come roam with me;
Strawberries say it's love-time; see!
They may be green, they may be high,
But ah, how eloquently sweet
They gaze while Pan and you and I
Stroll through the vales of Fulton Street,
Or walk, in Nature's wakening glow,
A-berrying along Park Row!

June passes; I'm assured it's true
By berries, huckle, black and blue;
Soon soft Italian accents teach,
On every corner that I turn,
The virtues of the early peach;
Soon red-ripe apples here will burn,
And Broadway's orchards loud declare:
"For Winter we must all pre-pear."

Thus, metropolitanly cute,
We read the almanac of fruit.
Grapes tell us that the Autumn wanes,
And in the orange's rich wine,
Athwart the chill of frosted panes,
Warm hearths and sparkling footlights shine.
While, emblems of Life's endless pound,
Bananas keep eternal round.

Chester Firkins.

CHARON.

CHARON, the boatman of the Styx, was thought by many to be of Irish blood.

For invariably, as he was casting off from the hither shore, he would call out, to his cargo of souls:
"Now, then, look alive!"

This was doubtless as near an approach to an Irish bull as the then state of civilization permitted of.

MERE DETAIL.

SHE (at the recital).—He's been divorced three times, wears silk underclothing winter and summer, won't trim his finger-nails on Friday, and —
HER FRIEND.—What's he playing now?
SHE.—You must think I know *everything*! Here's the program.



THE BRIDGE-WHIST VERSION.

"Mother, dear mother, come home with us now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the game
As soon as you'd lost all your mun."

PUCK

HER HUSBAND'S CHOICE.



"GEORGE, dear." Mrs. Sweetly's voice was soft and persuasive.
 "What is it, Helen?" said Mr. Sweetly.
 "I have had a lot of samples of wall paper sent up this afternoon and here they are. I want you to help me select one for the parlors. You have such excellent taste. Here they are, nice large samples that show the full pattern. The trouble is that several of them are so pretty it is hard to select. They do have such lovely wall paper nowadays. Now please put down your book and lay aside your cigar and give your undivided attention to this wall paper. I want to be quite sure that the paper pleases you. I should take no pleasure in it if it did not. What do you think of this pattern?"

"I don't see but that it is all right."
 "Why, George! You honestly and truly wouldn't want that on our parlor walls! I think it is horrid! Such a stiff, conventional pattern!"

"Oh, I don't know. It seems graceful to me."
 "Graceful? Those great, stiff figures all of the same size graceful? I wouldn't have that paper on the walls if they would put it on for nothing. How do you like this pattern?"

"Well, it seems rather characterless to me."
 "Characterless! My goodness me! I think that it has ten times the character of that other pattern. Still, it is too dark. The parlors are not as well lighted as I wish they were, and this paper would make them still darker. I was sure that I wouldn't want that paper when they gave me the sample. What do you think of this pattern?"

"I like that first rate."
 "You do? Well now it seems like a very commonplace pattern to me. Just such paper as you would be apt to find on any one's walls. I want something—well, unique and yet not conspicuously so. Something that—you know what I mean. My idea is that wall paper, like furniture, should in a certain way reflect the character of the people in the house. It should have a certain indefinable—how do you like this pattern?"

"I don't like striped wall paper."
 "You don't? Why, it is very fashionable, and it gives height to a room. I don't like a distinct and positive stripe, but you see



HIGHER MATHEMATICS.

GENTLEMAN WITH GRIEVANCE.—Darn 'em! If I was an expert accountant or a lightning calculator, I'd get that feller's number!

that this is not that kind. It is more of a suggestion of a stripe. Still, if you do not want a stripe—

"I do not insist on the paper not having a stripe in it."

"But I want the paper to please you, dear, and if you hate a stripe I—"

"I did n't say that I hated a stripe."

THINGS THAT HIT OUR FUNNY BONE.



MR. PEPPRY.—Holy Christopher! Barked my shins on that thing again! Some day there's going to be a bon-fire of this old junk!



MR. PEPPRY (after the discovery that his rich neighbors go in for antiques).—Pretty fine, ain't it? An old heirloom—b'longed to my grandfather—been very dear to me since childhood.

PUCK



RECKLESS MAN!

ONE OF THE BAND.—Why so despondent, Captain? We have reached the Pole beyond a doubt.

FAMOUS EXPLORER.—Ah, that's just it. Think of the countless pole-hunters, as yet unborn, that I have this day deprived of a livelihood in the book and lecture field!

"Well, I do not want anything that you even dislike. I rather like a stripe and—now they told me at the store that this paper is being used a great deal. Do you like it?"

"Well, yes; I think I like it better than any piece you have yet shown me."

"Why, George! Do you? It seems perfectly horrid to me. It looks loud—bold—brazen! And it would simply *kill* any picture hung on it. That is something we want to consider—the pictures. We simply must not get a paper that will kill the pictures. Then this paper would be all out of harmony with the rugs in the parlors. It would be a screaming note of discord all through."

"Then why did you have a sample of it sent?"

"Well, I thought it would give us a variety from which to select. Now I like this pattern immensely. Don't you?"

"Well, to tell the honest truth, Helen, I do not fancy it."

"You *don't*? Well now I like it better than anything I have found yet, and I think that you would grow to like it. The clerk at the store said that it was so much in demand that they could hardly supply it fast enough. He said that they put it on the parlor walls of a perfectly *elegant* new house only last week. It is something entirely new and I think that it has a great deal of character and a certain tone of refinement in it that—still, if you do not like it."

"I do not exactly fancy it, but if you are so taken with it get it by all means. I shall be satisfied with it. I am not in the parlors once in a coon's age anyhow and I don't want to be there that often. Seems to me a parlor in a house is a kind of a chamber of horrors anyhow. Now if you like that paper have it put right on the walls and—"

"But not if you do not like it. I must confess that I like it ever so much and I feel sure you would like it better if you could see several strips of it hung side by side as I saw them to-day in the store. One cannot get the full effect from a sample, not even from a large sample."

"I suppose not. Just order that paper and have it over with."

"But I want you to like it," said Mrs. Sweetly, amiably.

"Oh, I'll like it all right," said Mr. Sweetly, beaming at her. "Because," continued the lady, "I wouldn't take the least bit of pleasure in it if I felt that you didn't like it. I want the paper to be your choice as well as mine. As I say, the effect is different when you see a lot of it together. I showed it to Mrs. Van Slam who was calling here this afternoon and she thought it was lovely. If you think that you like it, dear, I—"

"Oh, I'll like it all right. I want to finish this Conan Doyle tale before I go to bed. Better telephone in the morning and have them save the paper for you."

"I—I—to tell the truth, dear, I had them put it aside to-day and they are going to hang it next week and—I am sure you will like it on the walls."



FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATION.

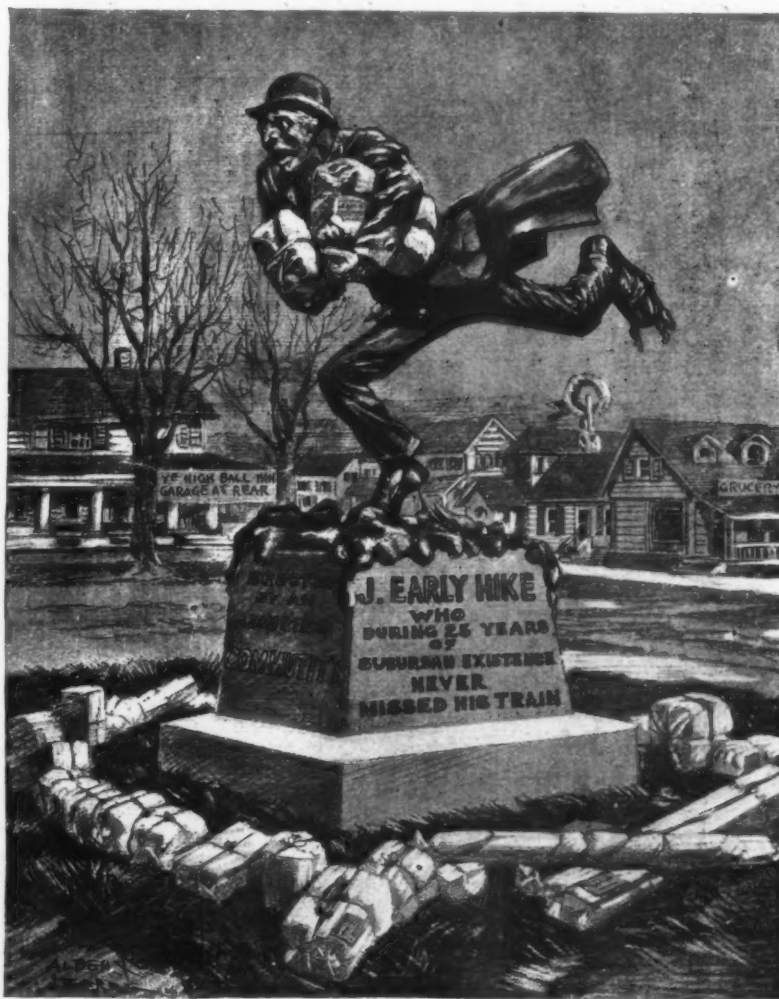
J. L. Harbour.

FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER.

THE saleslady differentiated several classes of shoppers?

Oh, yes, indeed. About five classes. So many?

Yes (*mademoiselle counted on her fingers*), heavy-weight, middle-weight, welter-weight, light-weight and feather-weight. Precisely five.



THE SUBURB BEAUTIFUL.

AN ARTISTIC CONCEPTION FOR MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE DEPOT.

The average Presidential bee leaves nothing behind it but a sting.



THE INTERRUPTED HOLD-UP.
A CLASH BETWEEN THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

"A NOSE FOR NEWS."

STORY OF THE NEAR-SIGHTED SMOKER AND THE ECONOMICAL STRANGER.



CHAPTER I.



CHAPTER II.



CHAPTER III.

THE OPTIMISTIC POET.

IT'S SNOWING this afternoon. I am glad of it; science says that when snow is falling the atmosphere is warmer. And it doesn't take so much coal. . . I see by my literary journal that a new magazine is to be launched the first of the month. I will have some wares on the ground early. . . My literary helper also says that *McClunsey* does not want any more poetry. How fortunate I am; this will save at least a stamp book. . . *The Right of Way Magazine* has a new rejection slip. I never did like the color of the old one. . . My little darling brain-child got home a day earlier than I expected it. Seems cheery with the little wanderer here. . . Life is worth while now. If the proposed manuscript bill for lower rates passes the House and Senate this winter, I can get a new suit of clothes and a \$2 derby next spring. . . I hear the postman coming. I must go down stairs now. . .



CHAPTER IV.

USEFUL.

MADGE.—Have your gymnasium exercises proved of any real benefit to you?
MARJORIE.—Indeed they have, my dear. I'm now able to fasten up my waists in the back.

MODESTY.

THE FIRST time they met, she was breezily free with him, because, as she afterwards explained, she never expected to see him again. He kissed her at parting, and she was not offended.

But when they had become friends, do you imagine she would suffer him to kiss her? Not she.

And now that they have fallen in love with each other, and are engaged to be married, she is afraid to meet him, except in the presence of a third person, lest she be compromised. For she is a modest girl.



IF SHAKESPEARE HAD WRITTEN FOR FOURTEENTH STREET.

ROMEO (as Tybalt falls).—Take that, cuk—urse you!



UCK



WAS A LONG TIME COMING.



WAITING FOR THE TIED TO GO OUT.

January Jibes.

A CHRISTMAS POSTSCRIPT.

[SCENE—The White House. TIME—The morning after Christmas. Discovered, President ROOSEVELT, Secretary TAFT and Colonel RUSSELL of the Ordnance Bureau.

ROOSEVELT.

GOOD FRIENDS, while yet the Christmas spirit flows
Within our veins, while yet our being glows
With peace on earth, good will to men, and all
That sort of thing, attention I would call
Unto a matter of grave moment.

TAFT.

Sire,

The time is meet this matter to inquire;
Three wise men here are gathered, as, we know,
Three wise men gathered centuries ago.

ROOSEVELT.

Well put, good Taft. You will, I think, agree
That ancient trio were scarce wise as we.
However, let that pass. The Christ-day thought
That came to me was this: We really ought
To have a bigger army pistol, for
The ones we have are much too small of bore—
A paltry thirty-eight. Is 't not so? Say.

RUSSELL.

Sire, it is true. There is a grave delay
In thirty eights. A thirty-eight does not
Annihilate the foeman on the spot;

It does not instantaneously kill;
The man has almost time to make his will.

ROOSEVELT.

So have I heard. A thirty-eight takes toll,
But such small bores drill much too small a hole.
Why, one can scarcely chuck a hymnbook through
The wound, so little damage do they do.

TAFT.

A forty-five were better.

RUSSELL.

Fifty, say.

ROOSEVELT.

Or better, ninety-nine. Had I my way,
I'd choose a bore as big as blunderbus,
One warranted to make an awful muss.

TAFT.

Sire, we do note your Christmas-day
suggestion.

It shall be executed without question.

[Exit TAFT and RUSSELL.]

During the past year the Supreme
Court disposed, between cat-naps,
of 463 cases.

B. L. T.



GYMNASTICS.

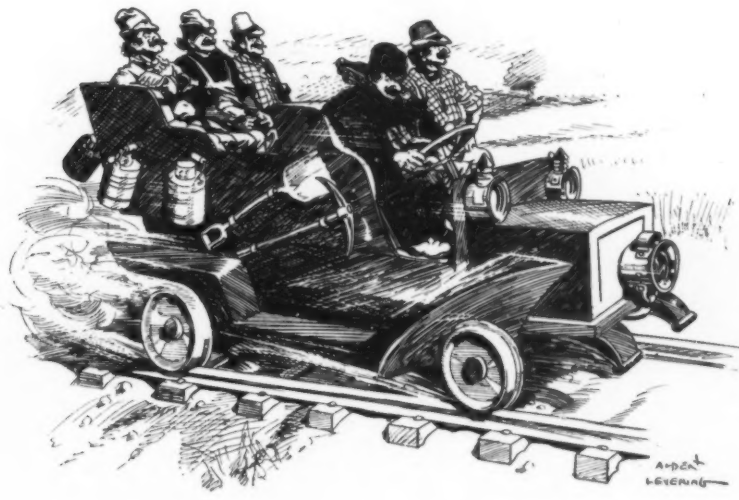
EXPERT PERFORMERS ON THE
HORIZONTAL BAR.

Friendship may ripen so rapidly into love, that it will fall to the ground
at the first rough wind.

WHY SHOULD THE LEISURE CLASS MONOPOLIZE THEM?

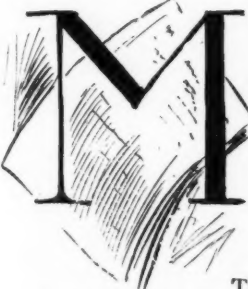


THE SECTION GANG ON THE RAILROAD BEFORE—



—AND AFTER THE UNION WAS ORGANIZED.

LOOSE-LEAF LITERATURE.



MEDIEVALISM is far behind us and the spirit of modern advancement pervades everything. Wireless telegraphy, automobiles, skyscrapers, adding machines, card indexes, "loose-leaf" systems of accounting, everything, in fact, which tends to shorten labor—and, incidentally, life.

And now we have the "loose-leaf" novel—guaranteed to suit all sorts and conditions of readers. A guarantee to satisfy goes with each one—money back if you want it.

The "loose-leaf" novel works like this. It may have any one of the "loose-leaf" binding devices, by which each page may be detached. Now, if the reader be feminine when she picks up the book to be read she can turn to the last chapter, detach it and place it at the beginning. In this way she can exercise her feminine instinct of reading the last chapter first and yet be consistent in beginning at the first part.

Supposing she doesn't like the author's description of the hero. In the back of the book are described all the latest styles of heroes, with and without mustaches, Gibson men and real men. She selects her particular style and inserts it in the proper place.

When she comes to the description of the heroine's dress all the prevailing fashions are described in the back of the book, and the reader has only to choose what she thinks most becomes the heroine and insert the description in the text.

In the same way the reader can choose his (or her) own ending. If you wish the villain to die, and the hero and heroine to be married, you can, literally and in a colloquial sense, "make your own book." Should you wish the villain to live and marry the heroine, thereby suffering an even worse fate than death, it can be easily accomplished by the foregoing method.

It will be readily seen that this method is entirely satisfactory, both from the reader's and publisher's standpoint. The reader's taste is catered to throughout the book. The publisher cannot produce a book which will be a failure because everybody will be satisfied.

The day of "loose-leaf" literature is at hand and it has come to stay.

George T. Moffatt.

FOR ART'S SAKE.

FRIEND.—What? You're not going back to the stage this season?

GREAT ARTISTE.—No. I have so many cash orders ahead for testimonials for piano players, hair tonics, bath soaps, massage creams, hair bleach, headache dope, champagnes, safety razors, cigarettes, life insurance and chewing gum that I can't find time for less important things.

A HINT.

A WIDOW, in half-mourning,
Doth by that sign confess
That she is half a mind to—Nay,
It's up to you to guess.



THE CARELESS AERONAUT.

FARMER STUBBLE.—Hey there, gol ram ye! Don't ye see thet sign?



Miller HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle BEER

Individuality and Character in Beer—mean Quality. 99 per cent of all Beers have no character whatever. They are just common Beer.

Our "High Life" Beer has strictly a character of its own—a taste of its own—found in no other beer.

It has that perfection of Beer Taste, that Superiority of Quality, that "Miller" taste.

Where does Miller "High Life" Beer get that character and individuality.

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT COMPANY, Distributors, 135-137-139 West 42d St., New York.

First: From the high quality of our Malt, and the process of preparing same.

Second: From the process of brewing, used exclusively in our brewery. Our own process, perfected by experience.

Third: From the superior and exclusive quality of our yeast.

You may not understand all that we say here, but if you will order a bottle of "High Life" Beer and drink it, you will very quickly perceive that the Individuality and Character of our Beer spells Superiority of Quality.

MILWAUKEE

WORK FOR THE COLLEGE.

"When are you going to fix that front fence, Hiram?" asked the farmer's wife.

"Oh, next week, when Silas comes home from college."

"But what will the boy know about fixing a fence, Hiram?"

"He ought to know a heap. He wrote me that he'd been taking fencing lessons for a month!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A GOOD THING.

"Your life preserver may be all right," said the buyer for the steamship company, "but it's so flimsy I don't see how it can support any one."

"Well," replied the manufacturer, "it has supported me and my family for the past year."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

STRAIGHT AS A PLUMB LINE

TO WINTER RESORTS OF FLORIDA
the CAROLINAS & CUBA

SEABOARD Florida Limited
ALL PULLMANS
ELECTRIC LIGHTED
Commencing Jan. 7th

Ly. New York	12.25 noon
" W. Phila.	2.55 p.m.
" Baltimore	5.07 "
" Washington	6.25 "
" Camden, S. C.	6.15 a.m.
" Columbia	7.09 "
" Savannah	9.15 "
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HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
82, 84 and 86 Bowler Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE, 20 Freeman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.



LEFT AGAIN.

LITTLE TOMMY SPARROW.—Are you waiting for anybody, Mr. Hare?

MR. HARE.—Yes; Miss Bunny; have you seen her?

LITTLE TOMMY SPARROW.—I saw her go out ten minutes ago with Mr. Tortoise. I guess maybe you ain't swift enough for her.

Add a little Abbott's Bitters to a glass of wine and you'll be surprised what a delightful tonic it makes.

BETWEEN FRIENDS.

MRS. BLOER.—My husband fought in the late war. His company was in one engagement, and only a remnant of it escaped alive.

MRS. BARGINHUNT.—Gracious! And you got the remnant!—*Woman's Home Companion*.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

When a mother gives a child a sponge bath she uses a wash rag.

Some lawyers have the knack of converting poor advice into good coin.

Men wish they didn't have any harder times than boys think they are having.

The average girl declines to marry a lot of men because they neglect to ask her.

Even an optimist is apt to backslide when he has a boil on the back of his neck.

Our idea of an impossible man is one who hasn't a bit of foolishness in his make-up.

And when a man bumps up against hard luck he always blames some other fellow for shoving him.

Most people find fault with their neighbors in order to get even with neighbors who find fault with them.

A girl's jealousy tickles a man's vanity during their courtship, but after marriage—well, that's different.

After being let in on the ground floor of a big deal a man sometimes discovers that some other chap crawled in through the cellar window.—*Chicago Daily News*.



THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF BALTIMORE
CAN HARDLY REMEMBER WHEN

HUNTER WHISKEY

WAS FIRST PUT UPON THE MARKET. ITS STEADY GROWTH IN POPULARITY THROUGHOUT THESE MANY YEARS PROVES IT THE PERFECT PRODUCT OF THE STILL



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
W. E. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend
It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 35c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



DUTY—that's about all that makes foreign champagnes cost double the price of

COOK'S Imperial EXTRA DRY Champagne

Ship freight cuts some figure, but it is mostly duty.

It's your duty to prove the superiority of the American product.

THE PARVENU'S BAD GRAMMAR. Yes, "money talks," but most of it is made in such a hurry, It hasn't time to care a whit For poor old Lindley Murray.
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"SOMETIMES," said Uncle Eben, "a man says he's terribly busy when he's simply hurryin' to get a few things off'n his mind so's he kin loaf de rest o' de day."—*Wash. Star.*

The greatest pleasure of a shave lies in the use of

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL

The delicate French after-shaving preparation—Comforting. Soothing. Fragrant.

Ask your dealer.

Send 10c. to pay postage and packing of a liberal sample.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD
Dept. 89 Ed. Pinaud Building, New York

ED. PINAUD'S HAIR TONIC (Eau de Quinine)
is best for the hair.

Wilson -

For guarantee of purity,
see back label on every bottle;

That's All!

NERVE.

"Yes," said the warden, "he was the coolest and most thoughtful convict who ever broke jail."
"You don't say?" exclaimed the visitor.

"Yes; he left behind him a note to the Governor of the State beginning: 'I hope you will pardon me for the liberty I am taking.'"
—*Cath. Standard and Times.*

NONE LEFT IN BILL.

"A college education," declared the enthusiastic mother, "brings out all that is good in a boy."

"Yes," retorted William's father, "and in Bill's case I wish a little of it could have stayed in."—*Cleve. Press.*

NOT A PET NAME.

"Now that we're engaged," said the fair girl, "I don't want to call you 'Wellington.' Isn't there some shorter name, some nickname that you have—"

"Why, dear," replied Wellington Carmichael, "the fellows at college used to call me—er—'Pie-Face.'"
—*Phila. Ledger.*

Pears'

A soap is known by the company it keeps. Pears' is found in good society, everywhere.

The use of Pears' Soap betokens refinement.

Scented, or not, as you prefer.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

"Ah, yes, you are indeed ze one gr-r-rand gir-r-r!" said the French count to the American girl's father. "I am much honor zat she pay me ze complement to be my wife. But I make so bold to ask you, can she support-r-rt me in ze style to which I have been accustomed?"
—*Cleve. Press.*

SLIGHTLY AWKY.

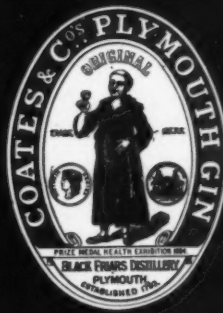
VISITOR (in the Art Gallery, pointing to the wolf-sucking Remulus and Remus).—What is that?

ATTENDANT.—That is Romeo and Juliet.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

OF course, there are a number of curious people who would like to know whether Mr. Roosevelt is now adding as a postscript, "Please burn this letter."—*Wash. Post.*

GROVER CLEVELAND has recovered from his recent attack of indigestion. Hereafter he should be careful not to tackle so much of the dictionary at one time.—*Wash. Post.*

EVERY BOTTLE OF GENUINE
COATES PLYMOUTH GIN
BEARS THIS LABEL



U.S. AGENTS
JAMES BUCHANAN & CO. LTD.
29 BROADWAY, N.Y.

ARTHUR J. BILLIN U.S. MGR.

THE MODERN NOVEL.

MOTHER.—How far have you got in that novel, Bessie?

BESSIE.—Only to the ninth trial marriage, mamma!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE old saying that you never realize the value of a thing until you lose it, doesn't apply to your temper.
—*Somerville Journal.*

A
FITTING
FINALE
TO A
GOOD
DINNER



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"And Irons immediately installed more powerful machinery in his laundry."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

TEXTS FROM GEORGIA.

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Silence is sometimes as eloquent as a thunderstorm—as when, for instance, your mother-in-law looks at you, but speaks not.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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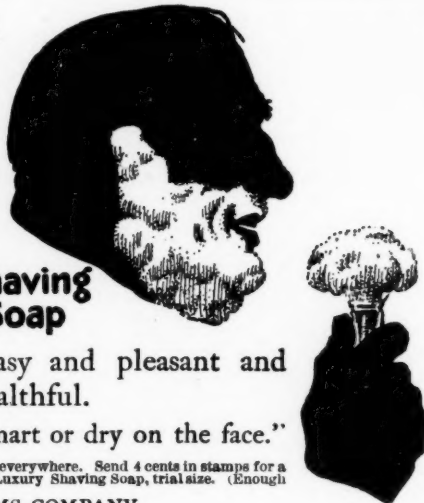
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As foolish and as green as that?
An awkward, dunderheaded dunce?
A most unmitigated flat?
It seems so, now you speak of it.
I must have been exceeding green.
But then, my dear, you must admit
That I was only 17.

I thought your beauty past compare,
My heart beat fast when you were near.
It's true, indeed. You need not stare,
I was in love with you, my dear.
And once your lips were near to mine.
And—no, I know you did not mean.
But—nothing happened. 'Twas a sign
That I was only 17.

But now, my fair one, salad days
Are over, and I never miss
A chance when pretty ladies raise
Their mouths to mine to get a kiss.
You thought of nothing of the kind?
I know. These things are clearly seen,
And yet you might have kept in mind
That I'm no longer 17.

—*Chicago Daily News*.

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GOOD GUESS.

REDD.—There are so many ways, nowadays, of separating a fool from his money.
 GREENE.—Been fined again for speeding, have you?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

IT MAY not be your fault if you have never been in jail; more than likely it's due to your good fortune.—*Chicago Daily News*.



FORCE OF HABIT.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.—Up with yer dukes! Shell out now or—
 THE ACTOR.—By the bye, old chap, could you spare me a fiver for a day or two?

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"Do you know that your house is on fire?"
 "Yes; warm yer hands whilst it's burnin', an' the devil take the coal trust!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

BLONDE widows are usually blonder than blonde maids.—*Chic. Daily News*.

R

Try a cut of prime
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 at luncheon or dinner,
 and see how much
 stronger you will become.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

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OCCASIONALLY opportunity looks a man up for the purpose of downing him.—*Chicago Daily News*.



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